

REMEMBER • CRAIG • LOUGHRIDGE

DEADLY CLASS™



1988
#8

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THE STORY SO FAR...

For the first time in his life, teenage assassin-in-training Marcus Lopez has a lot to lose: a circle of friends, a lover, a home. All these things are on the line when a terrifying figure from Marcus' own shadowy past comes back into his life to torment him. It all started during those years Marcus spent in an orphanage, the years he's chronicled in his secret journal...

RICK REMENDER • Writer
WES CRAIG • Artist
LEE LOUGHRIDGE • Colorist
RUS WOOTON • Letterer
SEBASTIAN GIRNER • Editor

DEADLY CLASS created by Rick Remender & Wes Craig

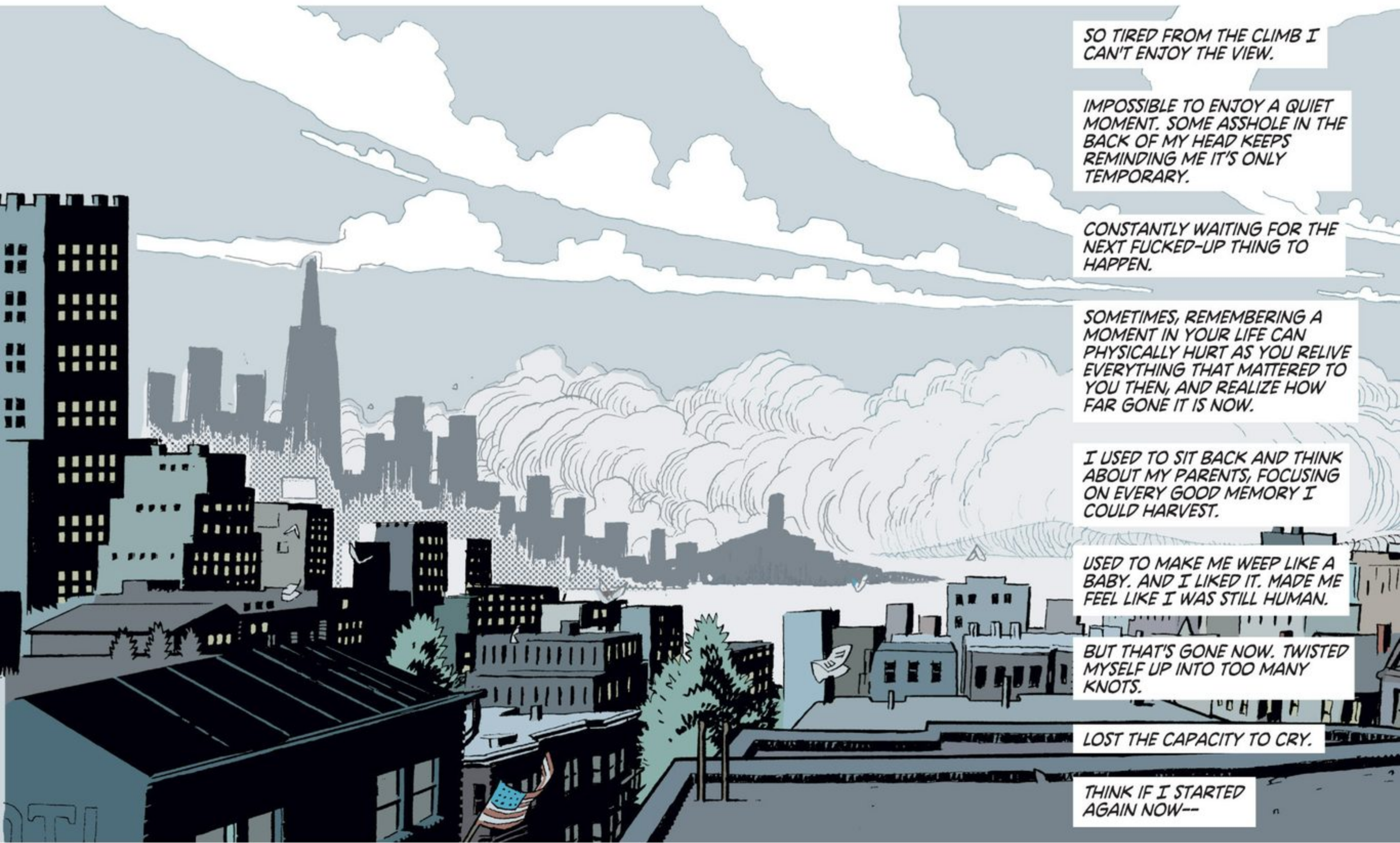
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FEBRUARY 1ST



SO TIRED FROM THE CLIMB I CAN'T ENJOY THE VIEW.

IMPOSSIBLE TO ENJOY A QUIET MOMENT. SOME ASSHOLE IN THE BACK OF MY HEAD KEEPS REMINDING ME IT'S ONLY TEMPORARY.

CONSTANTLY WAITING FOR THE NEXT FUCKED-UP THING TO HAPPEN.

SOMETIMES, REMEMBERING A MOMENT IN YOUR LIFE CAN PHYSICALLY HURT AS YOU RELIVE EVERYTHING THAT MATTERED TO YOU THEN, AND REALIZE HOW FAR GONE IT IS NOW.

I USED TO SIT BACK AND THINK ABOUT MY PARENTS, FOCUSING ON EVERY GOOD MEMORY I COULD HARVEST.

USED TO MAKE ME WEEP LIKE A BABY. AND I LIKED IT. MADE ME FEEL LIKE I WAS STILL HUMAN.

BUT THAT'S GONE NOW. TWISTED MYSELF UP INTO TOO MANY KNOTS.

LOST THE CAPACITY TO CRY.

THINK IF I STARTED AGAIN NOW--

--I MIGHT NEVER STOP.

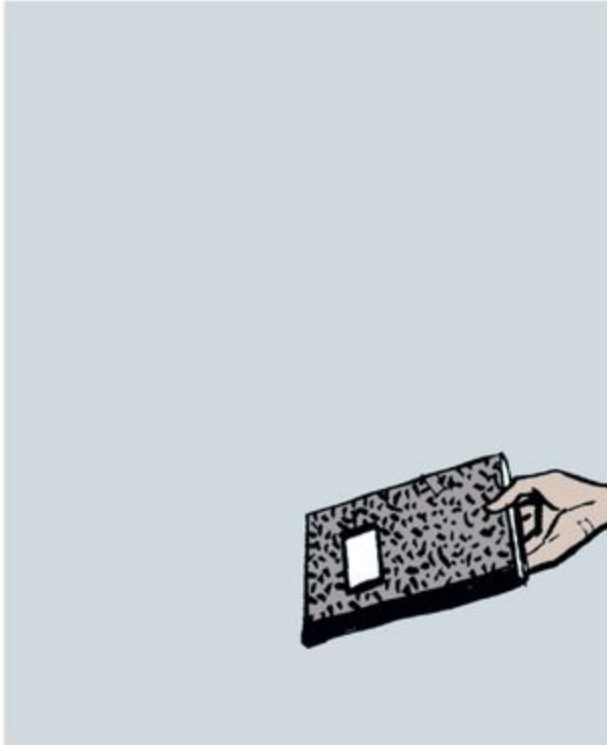
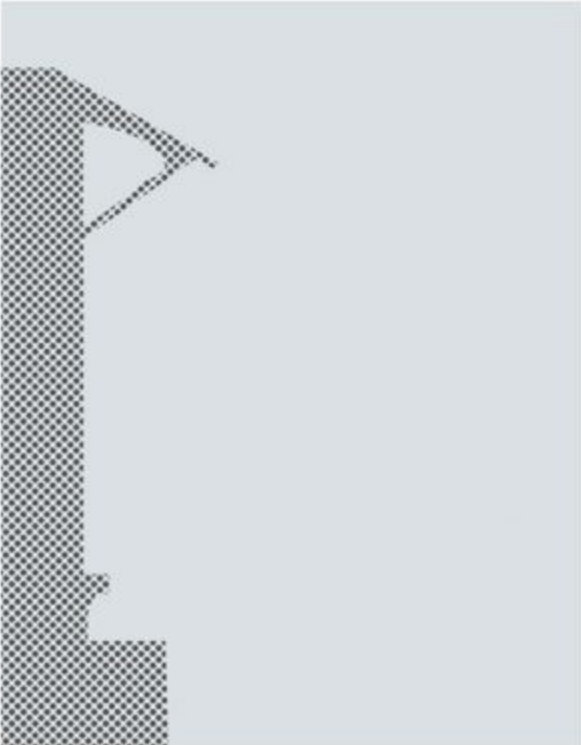
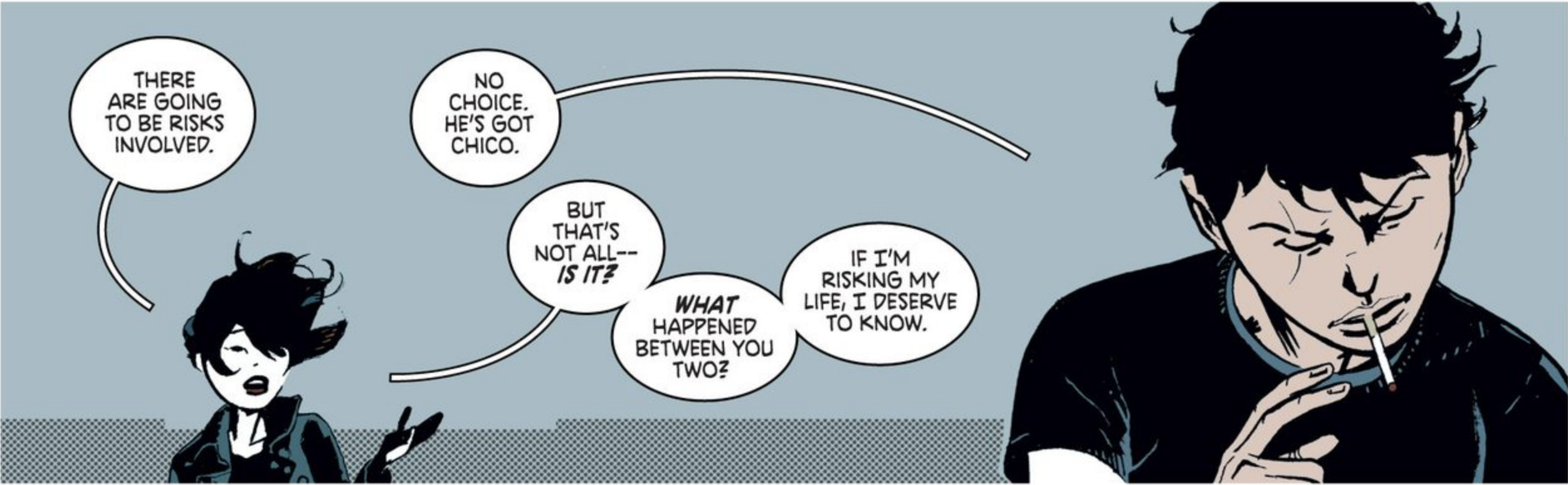


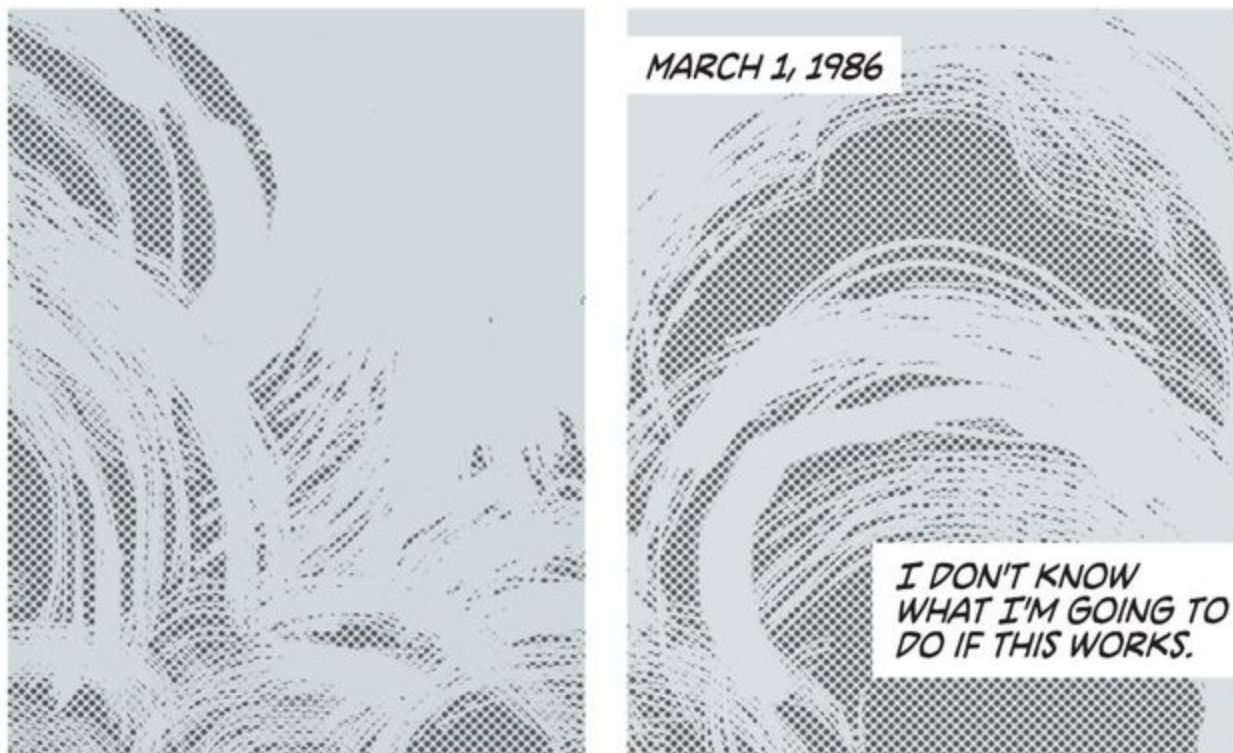
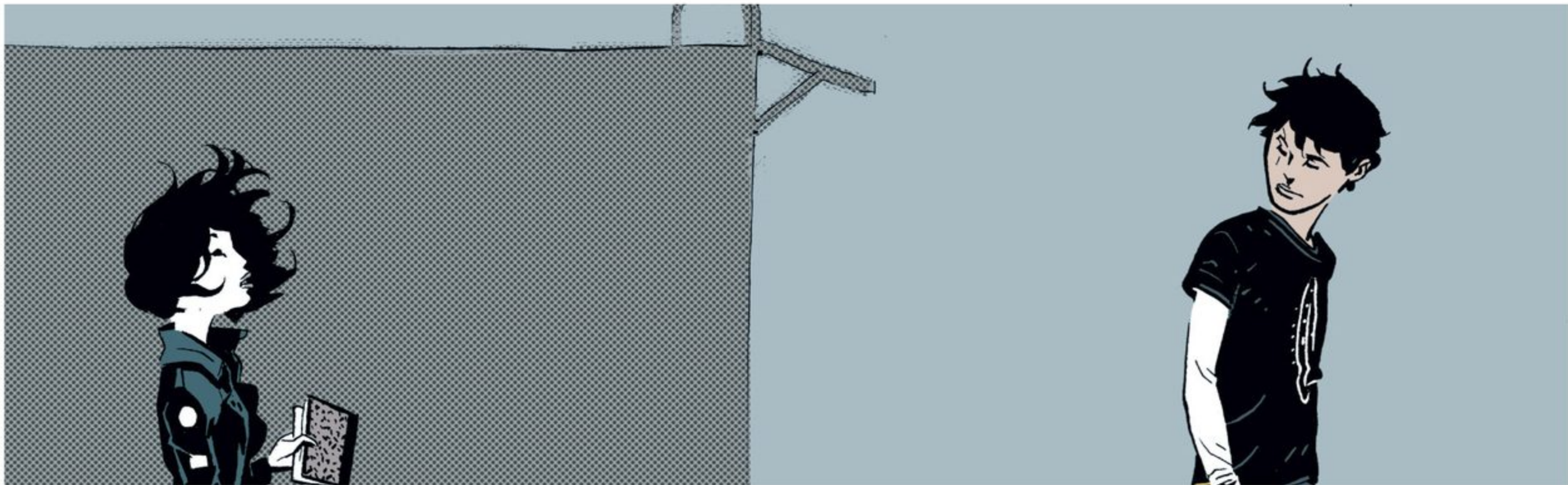
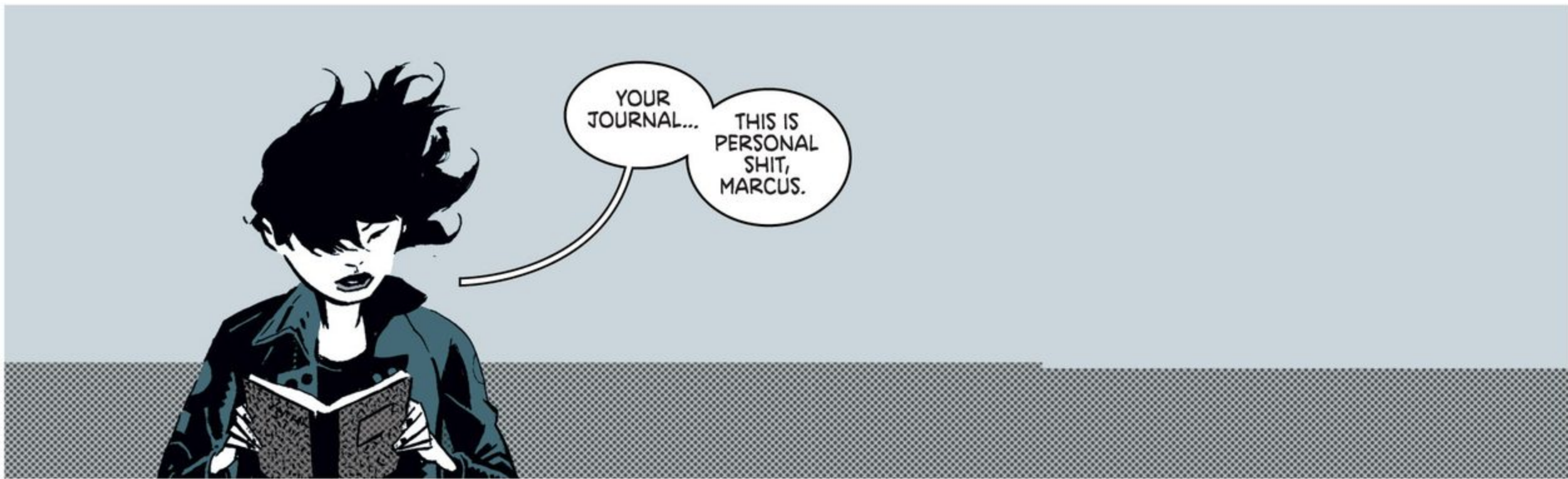
HEY. YOU GOT A MINUTE?

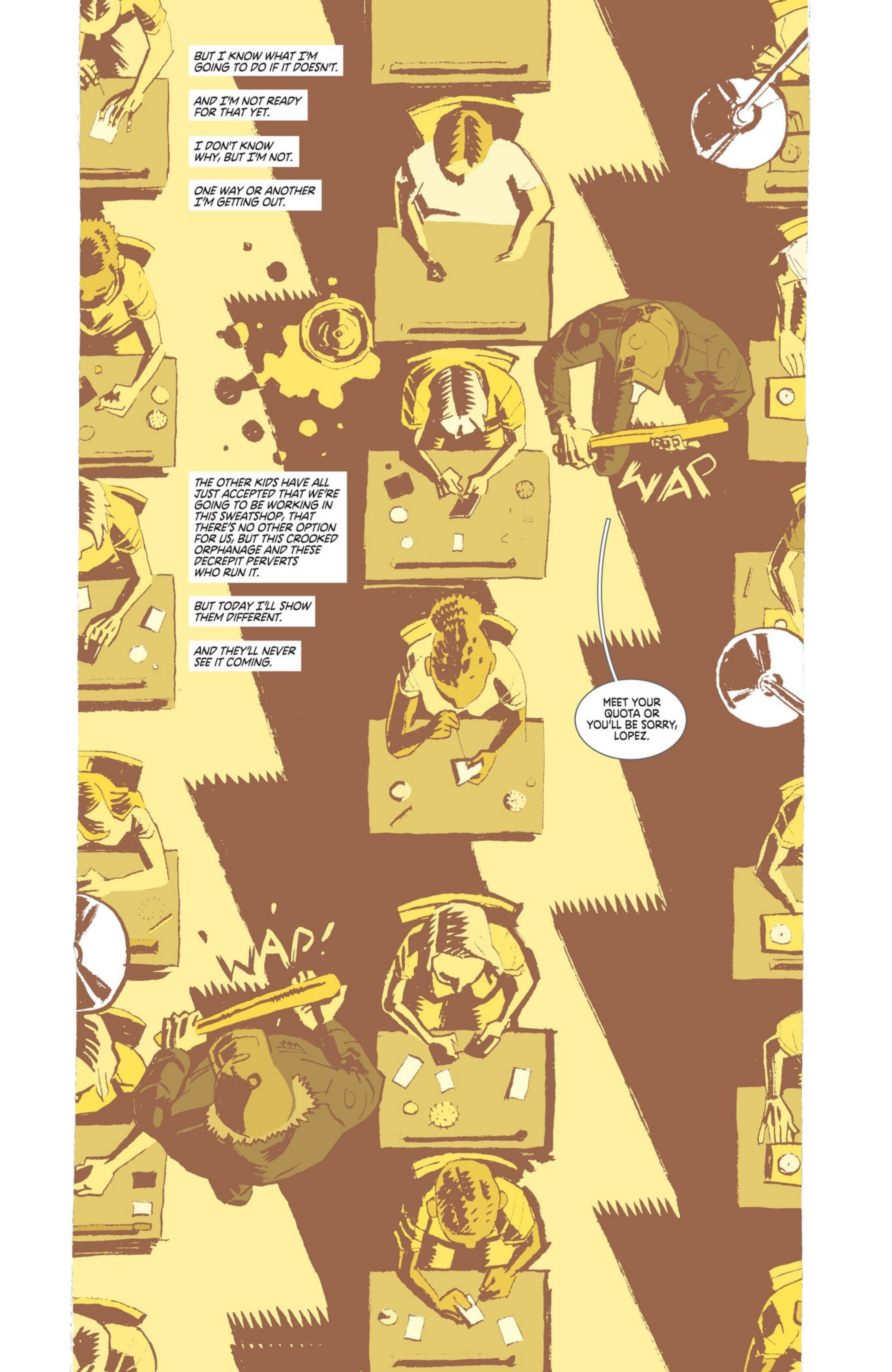
YEAH.

I FOUND HIM.

YEAH?







BUT I KNOW WHAT I'M
GOING TO DO IF IT DOESN'T.

AND I'M NOT READY
FOR THAT YET.

I DON'T KNOW
WHY, BUT I'M NOT.

ONE WAY OR ANOTHER
I'M GETTING OUT.

THE OTHER KIDS HAVE ALL
JUST ACCEPTED THAT WE'RE
GOING TO BE WORKING IN
THIS SWEATSHOP, THAT
THERE'S NO OTHER OPTION
FOR US, BUT THIS CROOKED
ORPHANAGE AND THESE
DECREPIT PERVERTS
WHO RUN IT.

BUT TODAY I'LL SHOW
THEM DIFFERENT.

AND THEY'LL NEVER
SEE IT COMING.

MEET YOUR
QUOTA OR
YOU'LL BE SORRY,
LOPEZ.

WAP!



THE LORD
REWARDS THE
INDUSTRIOUS--
HE PUNISHES THE
INDOLENT.

I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE THE
LOOK ON THEIR FACES.

THEY WON'T BELIEVE IT.

I'LL SHOW THE WORLD
WHAT THEY DID HERE.



KEEP
THOSE THOSE
HANDS
SEWING.

FOR THIRTEEN HOURS A
DAY, SEVEN DAYS A WEEK.



FOR NINE YEARS--
MOST ALL OF MY
LIFE HERE.

BUT AFTER TODAY,
IF I CAN PULL THIS
OFF, I'LL BE FREE...



...OR I'LL BE DEAD.

WHADDA
WE GOT
HERE?

TAKIN'
A NAP,
SONYAZ?



YAAHH--!



RISE **AND** SHINE,
SWEETHEART!



THE *FUCK*
YOU LOOKING
AT, BEAN
DIP?!

NO MATTER
WHAT HAPPENS
I'LL KEEP MY
HEAD DOWN.



BIDE MY TIME.

NOTHING.



SORRY,
SIR.



TODAY I'LL HAVE
ENOUGH NEEDLES.

I MIGHT'VE
HAD ENOUGH
LAST WEEK---

--BUT IT'S BETTER
TO BE SURE.

BE SURE THAT I HAVE
ENOUGH TO GET THE
JOB DONE.

ONE MORE
ROUND OF
PINPRICKS IN
MY CHEEK.

A SMALL PRICE.





ALL RIGHT,
YOU LITTLE
SHITS--*DAY'S*
DONE!

TIME TO
PACK SOME
GRUB IN YOUR
FACE AND GET
RESTED FOR
ANOTHER HAUL
TOMORROW.



HOLD UP
A SECOND,
HANK.



NEEDLES
MISSING
FROM
MARCUS'
STATION.

WHOLE
SHITLOAD.



STEALIN'
NEEDLES?

NO
SIR.



SONYA WAS
THE ONLY OTHER
PERSON SITTING
CLOSE ENOUGH
TO STEAL 'EM.

I *DIDN'T*
TAKE 'EM!
I SWEAR TO
GOD.

DON'T YOU
TAKE THE GOOD
LORD'S NAME IN
VAIN TO MASK
YOUR LIES.



LOOKS LIKE WE
GOT A COUPLE
OF FIBBERS,
VICTOR.

KNOW WHAT
THE GOOD BOOK
SAYS ABOUT
LIARS, BEAN
DIP?

NO. DO
YOU?



YOU GONNA
LET THAT LITTLE
BALL-BAG TALK
TO YOU LIKE
THAT, HANK?

YOU KNOW
WHAT THAT
MEANS WE
GOTTA DO,
RIGHT?!



FROM THE
LOOK ON THEIR
FACES I THINK
THEY *DO*
KNOW.

YOU LITTLE
RATS ARE
ABOUT TO
TAKE A
TRIP...

"...TO MISTRESS
RANK'S OFFICE."

HEAVENS
TO BETSY!

IS IT
TRUE?





WE SEARCHED HIM BUT WE COULDN'T FIND THE NEEDLES, MRS. RANKS.

BUT THEY WERE MISSING FOR *SURE*.

LEAST TEN OF 'EM.



LORD KNOWS I *HATE* A LIAR.

CAN'T RUN AN ORPHANAGE WITH CHILDREN WHO DON'T TELL THE TRUTH.

SONYA, I'M FRANKLY SURPRISED TO SEE *YOU* IN HERE...



...WITH THIS FILTHY PARASITE. OF COURSE *YOU'LL* LIE TO ME, MARCUS. NONE OF *YOU PEOPLE* RESPECT AUTHORITY.

SNUCK INTO MY COUNTRY TO LIVE OFF OF THE RESOURCES OF MY *GREAT* NATION.

I TAKE CARE OF YOU, I FEED AND CLOTHE YOU-- AND YOU *LIE* TO ME.



HANK, TAKE THOSE AMERICAN CLOTHES OFF OF THAT NICARAGUAN.

LET'S SEE *WHERE* HE'S HIDING THE CONTRABAND.



TURN
SONYA
TOWARDS
HIM.

SHE CAN
HELP US GET
A *CLOSE*
LOOK.



DO YOU SEE
ANYTHING,
SONYA?
ANYTHING OUT
OF PLACE?

NO, MRS.
RANKS.

HMMH.
SPREAD
YOUR LEGS,
MARCUS.

C'MON BOY,
LET'S GET A
LOOK AT YOUR
HIDIN' HOLE.



ALRIGHTY.

KEISTER
LOOKS
CLEAR.



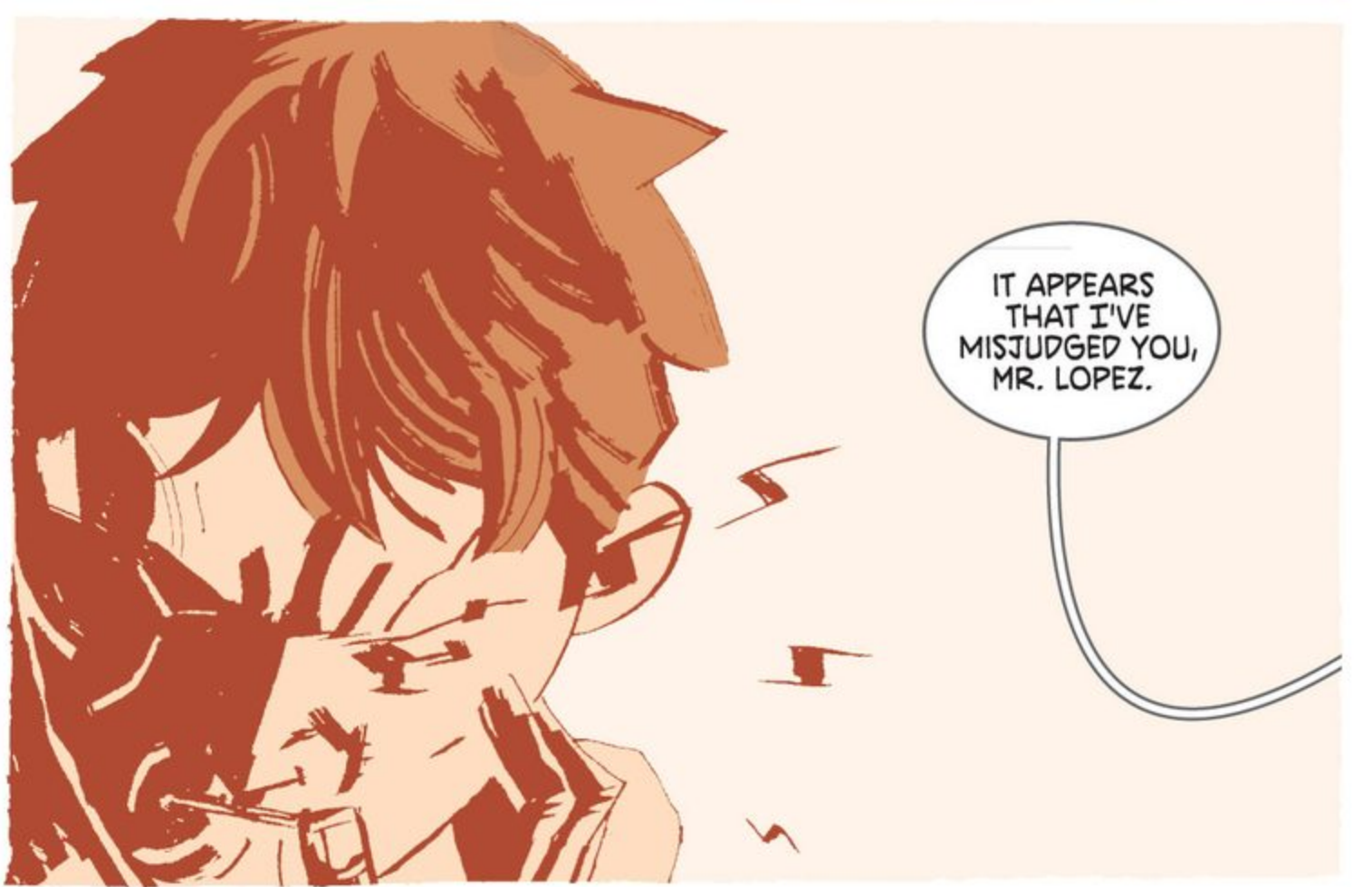
HMMH.



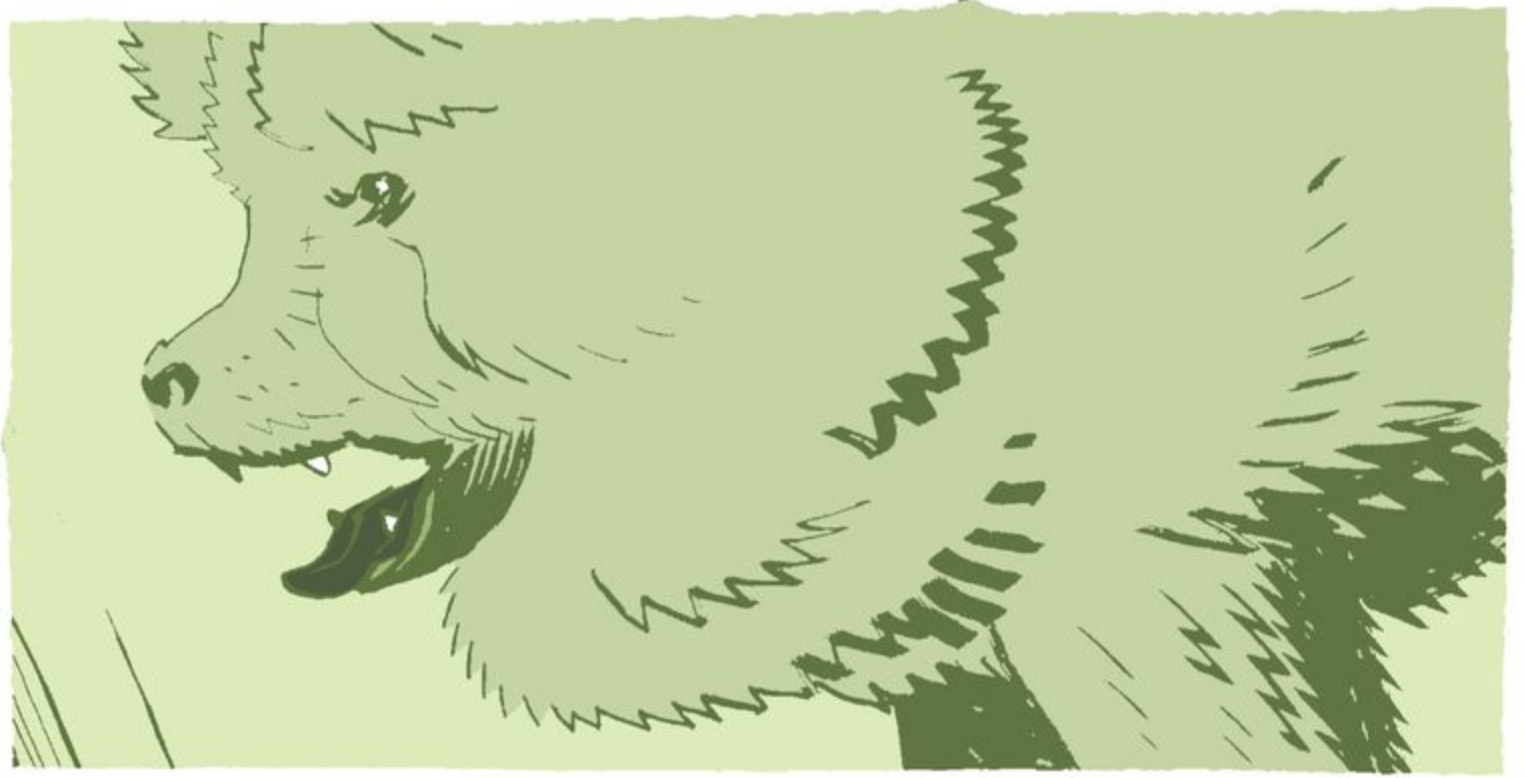
SUCH
A PRETTY
BOY.



WATCH
HOW YOU
LOOK AT
ME!



IT APPEARS
THAT I'VE
MISTJUDGED YOU,
MR. LOPEZ.





HAM AND
CHEESE.



LUCKY YOU
REMEMBERED
ME TODAY,
LOPEZ.



I AIN'T
BEEN IN SUCH
A GOOD
MOOD.

GOT A
LETTER FROM
MY AUNT, SHE
STILL WON'T
TAKE ME
IN.



THINKS
I KILLED
MY PA.

YOU
BELIEVE
THAT?



THINKS HE
CAUGHT ME DOIN'
SOMETHING "*SINFUL*"
SO I DROPPED THE
TRANS AM ON HIS
HEAD WHEN HE
WAS DOIN'
THE OIL.



THINKS THAT
ABOUT HER OWN
NEPHEW. SOME
PEOPLE...
YEECH!



YOU KNOW,
THIS SANDWICH
TASTES LIKE A
HOT PILE OF SHIT--
BLACH!



THE
FUCK--?!



THE FUCK
DID YOU
FEED ME,
FAGGOT?!

THE
FUCK DID--
KOFF?



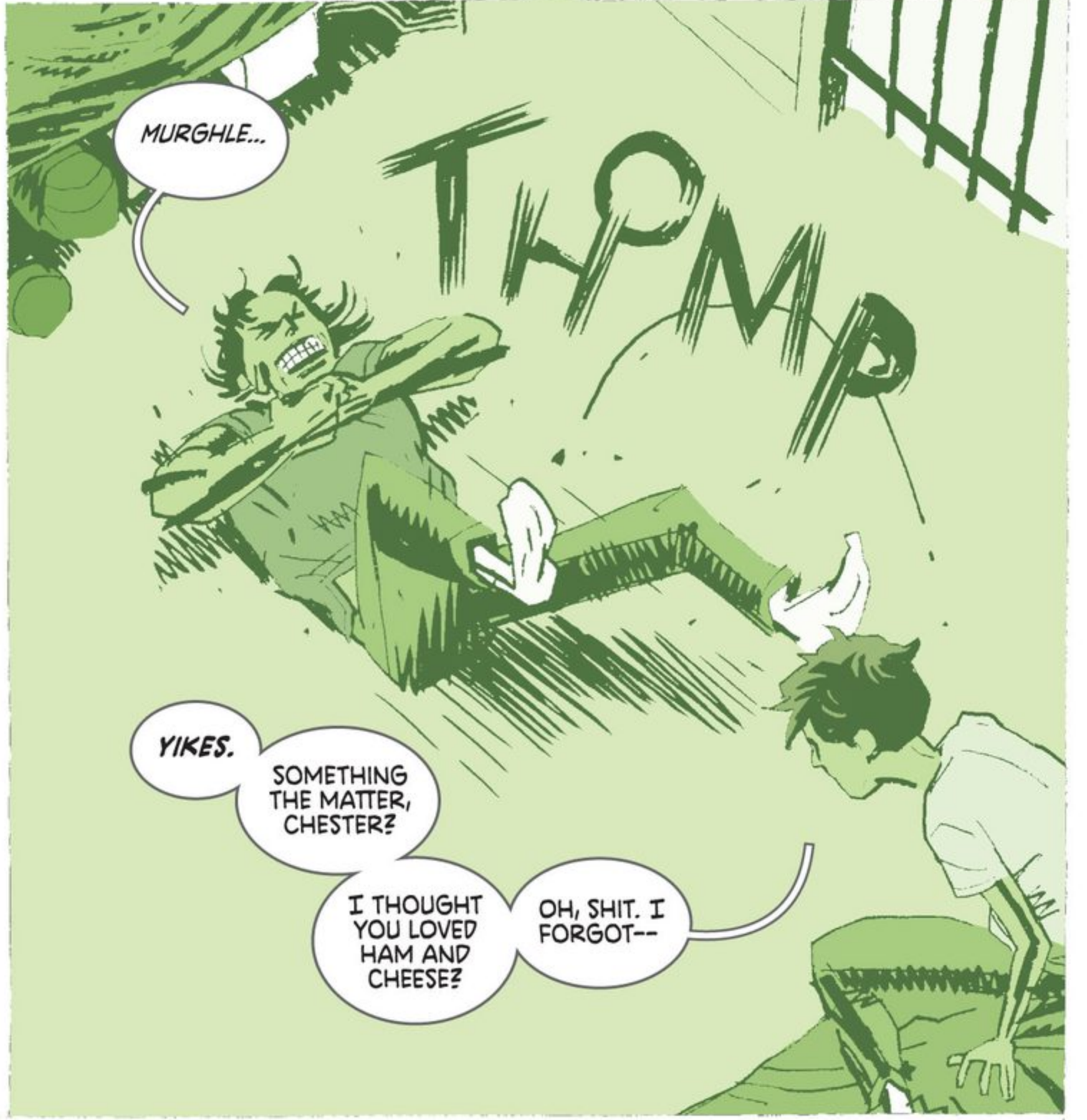
HURKK!~



CHOKK!



KAKK--



MURGHLE...

YIKES.

SOMETHING
THE MATTER,
CHESTER?

I THOUGHT
YOU LOVED
HAM AND
CHEESE?

OH, SHIT. I
FORGOT--



IT WAS
FUCKING
POISONED!

HOW
COULD I BE
SO FUCKING
STUPID,
CHESTER?!



YOU'RE GOING TO LOSE CONTROL OF YOUR BODY NOW, YOU SADISTIC PIECE OF SHIT.

BUT DON'T WORRY--YOU'LL BE *WIDE AWAKE* FOR WHAT'S COMING NEXT.



I WOULDN'T LET YOU MISS IT.

NOT FOR *ANYTHING*.

NOT AFTER *ALL* YOU'VE DONE FOR ME.



SO MANY *MEMORIES*, CHESTER.



ALL THESE YEARS OF BEING FUCKED WITH BY YOU.

GAKK--



I FOUND THE INSTRUCTIONS IN YOUR *ANARCHIST COOKBOOK*.

TOOK MONTHS TO MAKE IT.



BUT I THINK IT'S GOING TO BE WORTH IT.

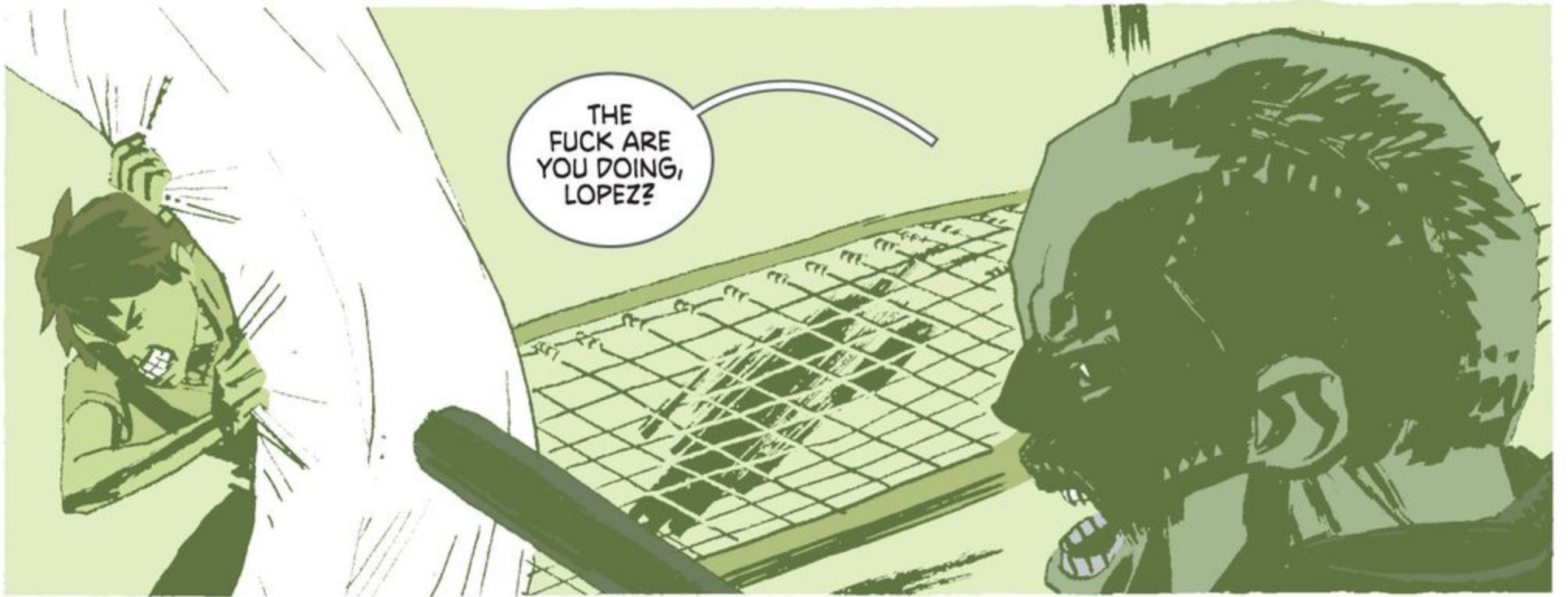
JUST YOU WAIT AND SEE.

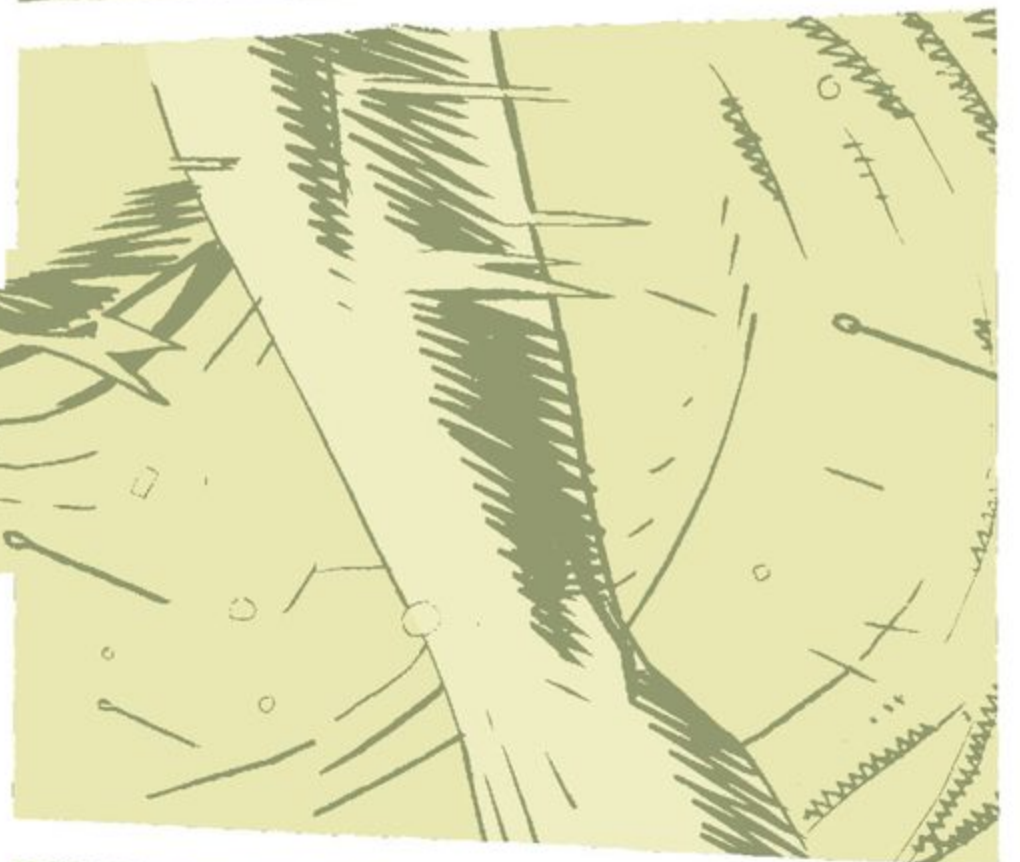


SOMEONE *HELP!*

MY ROOMMATE'S HAVING A SEIZURE!

HE'S DYING!





WHAT
THE--



FUUUUUUUCK--!





SWEET LORD JESUS!



NO JESUS...



...JUST ME.



MY GOD, BOY...



THE DEVIL'S TAKEN YOU!



PLEASE DON'T DO THIS, MY SWEET BOY.



IT'S ALREADY DONE.



RISE AND SHINE.

HMMH...

WHAT...



WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO TO ME?



I *WAS* GONNA KILL YOU.

IT'S ALL I DREAMT OF.

IT'S WHAT YOU DESERVE.

BUT THEN I REALIZED...



...HOW MUCH WORSE IT WOULD BE TO LET YOU *LIVE*.

TO OPEN THE DOORS-- LET THE OTHER KIDS OUT.

WHEN THE COPS COME THEY'LL HEAR ABOUT WHAT YOU'VE DONE.



THEY'LL TRY YOU AS AN ADULT.

THEY'LL FRY YOU.



-KLIKK-

THEY WON'T FIND ME--



THE SUNSET CHILDREN'S HOME DESERVED TO BE BURNED DOWN.

AGAINST US,
PURGED IN FIRE.

BUT THE OTHER KIDS WERE SUPPOSED TO GET OUT.

MRS. RANKS WAS SUPPOSED TO LIVE TO SEE THE WORLD LEARN THE TRUTH ABOUT HER.

BUT INSTEAD THEY ALL DIED...

...AND THOUGH IT WASN'T BY MY HAND...

...IT MIGHT AS WELL HAVE BEEN.





DEAD LETTER OFFICE

Send comments and questions to
[WriteRemender@gmail.com!](mailto:WriteRemender@gmail.com)
Mark letters "OK to print".

So now we know the big bad secret Marcus has been carrying around on his back for all these years. No wonder the kid has problems. And no wonder he's so terrified of Chester the Fuckface, his abusive former roommate hiding out in a shack with the corpse of his girlfriend's ex-boyfriend, whom she killed. I'm sure this will all play out well...

Welcome back! It's your Editor About Town, once again subbing in for Rick. We just keep getting letters in from you all, and don't want to miss our chance to write back and let you know how great it is to hear from fans of DEADLY CLASS from all around the world.

DEADLY CLASS Team,

Back from the break with #7. It's been a long wait, but this new issue was worth it! Saya is easily my favorite character, so it was nice to see some badass moments of her, with some promise of some more page time for her.

Welcome back! Looking forward to what the new arc brings.

Thanks,

Dave B.

SG - Glad to have you back, Dave. The break was killer for us as well, but we're incredibly stoked for this arc, it's gonna be bonkers. And hey, Saya is my favorite as well. I can't wait until we have the time to dive into her backstory. Now that she knows all about Marcus' sordid past, it's only fair he find out about hers, no? But then again, some girls do like to keep a secret...

Mr. Remender,

This being my first ever correspondence to a comic I would like to get to the point without all of the superfluosness that these sorts of letters oft entail, though I highly doubt that is going to happen. DEADLY CLASS' wild success (along with each of your other current titles, of which I am also an avid fan) is praise enough for your work. The artwork is enthralling and your characterization has a poignant depth and breadth.

The point I want to make, though, involves the essence you cultivate in DEADLY CLASS specifically. For a late-'80s teen assassin thriller the premise and story feels lived in. As you have mentioned, some (many?) of the details stem from your personal experience and those unique experiences have extended to encompass some of my own.

To take that a bit further, sometimes I think about how, in the century or so it has been around, there is such an incredibly vast amount of recorded music out there that I will never hear or get to experience. The same could be said for any medium, really, but the idea is this: some

piece of music that exists that I'll never hear is probably music that would strike a deep chord and I would find it perfect and enjoy it immensely. That can be a bummer way of looking at things, so I would just like you to know that I am glad that that was not the case for DEADLY CLASS. I was lucky enough to be privy to its existence. You don't get to feel like you've found your own personal diamond in the rough very often. Thank you.

Alex K.

SG - Very cool, Alex. Thanks for writing in. I love sifting through the graveyard of old comics, films and music myself, and I know the feeling of finding something amazing that you just wish you could send back to yourself ten years prior. Though now that I think of it, if I had discovered the manga horror apocalypse that is Hideshi Hino's *Panorama of Hell* any earlier than 16, my mind might not have survived...So maybe, sometimes we stumble upon a new idea, song, book or comic, even a very old one, just when the time is right and when we need it the most. Long as we keep moving and exploring.

But it makes us very happy that DEADLY CLASS is striking that chord with you in the here and now. And there's plenty more to come too.

Been a fan pretty much since I started reading comics, which was only about 4 years ago. I had a few series on my pull file and then my life got changed reading your run of *Uncanny X-Force*. Now I have *Low*, *Black Science* and DEADLY CLASS in my pull-file, which I believe are the only Image comics in there. The rest is all Marvel.

I've been having a super tough day, just drained from motivation and feeling bipolar as hell. I realized I missed comics last week and thought that maybe two weeks worth of comics would cheer me up out of this funk. I went through a dozen issues and still felt bummed until I came onto DEADLY CLASS #7.

And just the opening about depression and the whole issue in general just spoke volumes to me. So I felt compelled to write you a quick thank you. There are a million reasons I read comics, but the top reason is to have moments where they can really speak to me like that. So thanks for making my life better for this one night. I really needed it.

Cheers,

Jeremy

P.S. ridiculously stoked for *Axis*.

SG - Thanks, Jeremy. This means a lot to us, when we hear about an issue we've put a lot of blood and sweat into, taking someone out of their daily grind for just a bit and lifting them up. Hope you'll continue to find those little

daily boosts in the pages of this and other comics.

P.S. Rick is hard at work on *Axis* right now! He told me about it and it sounds ba-nanas. Gonna be a riot.

Dear Remender/Craig,

When one of my best friends handed me issue #1 of DEADLY CLASS, I almost turned it down. I usually have a hard time reading anything teenager related; high school wasn't the best time in my life, and also most "love" stories tend to be corny.

I gave it a shot though, and let me just say my expectations were blown out of the water! The 1st issue had me hooked, and after my friend let me read his 1st volume, I was instantly in love! The characters, pacing, art (Craig, you talented man!) are all stunning!

On top of that, you guys made a teenage-based comic that is enjoyable in my eyes. All the characters are interesting, and their problems are all relatable (besides the whole murdering thing!)

I don't know what else to say besides thank you! I have started collecting DEADLY CLASS issue and by issue, and now every month I shall be giddy with excitement to see where this group of outcasts go!

P.S. Maria is without a doubt my favorite character. Hopefully the badass Day of the Dead outfit will return!

Yours truly,
Tyler F.

SG- Well, thank you, Tyler, and thank your friend as well for giving you that first copy. Nothing helps a good comic like spreading it around! Glad you're on board and I think you'll be happy to know that although there's plenty of romance in our gang's future, we'll be exploring their hearts getting crushed, broken and stabbed just as much as them getting all warm and fuzzy.

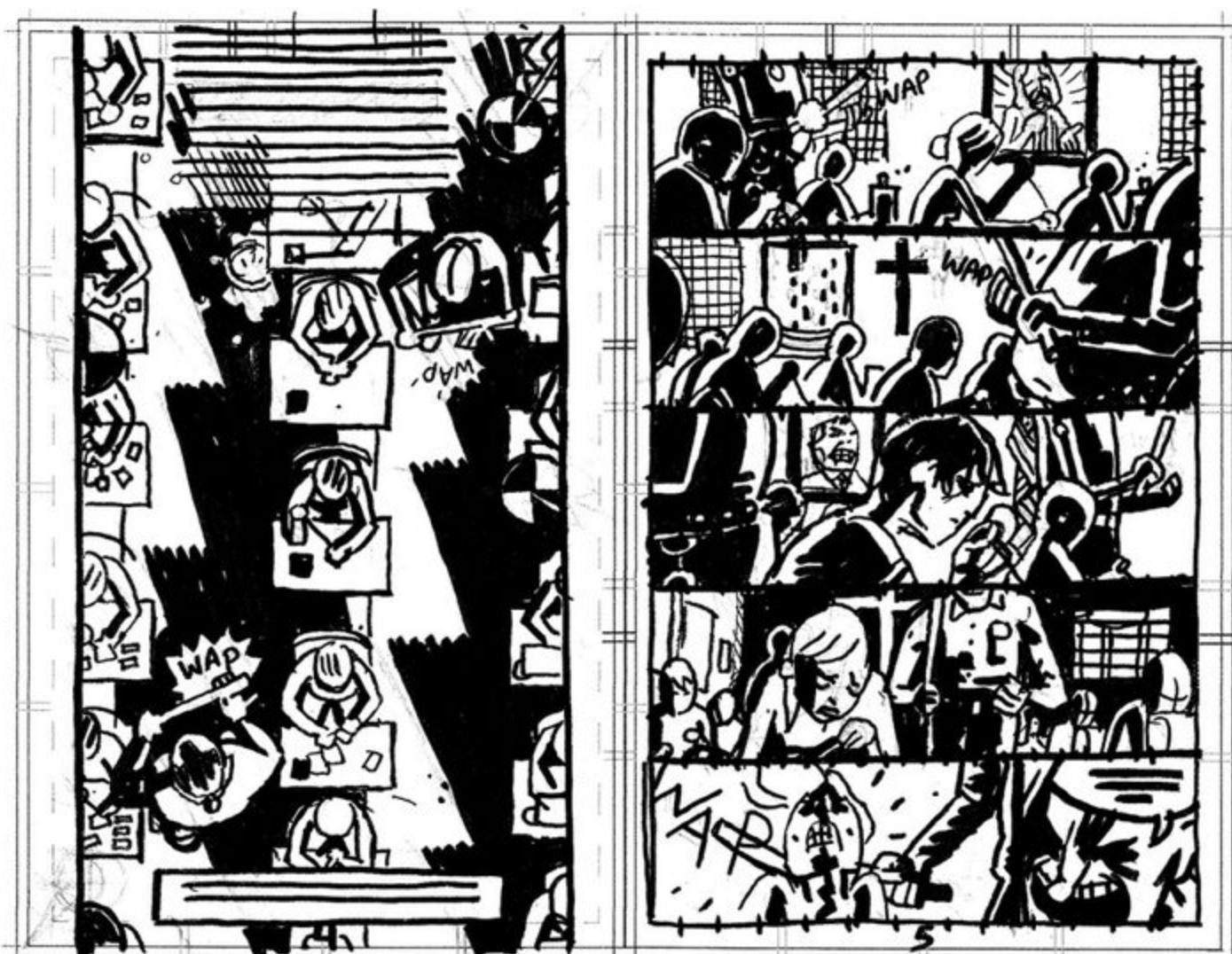
And you're in luck! Next issue features the triumphant return of Maria's Day of the Dead outfit, as well as a little glimpse into her past, to explain why she wears it in the first place. Wes is drawing the living hell out of it. Blood and tears will flow freely, and that's a promise!

That's it from our end this month! Rick will be back on the letters next month, so keep 'em coming. And brace yourselves for DEADLY CLASS #9 because things are about to go south for...pretty much everyone.

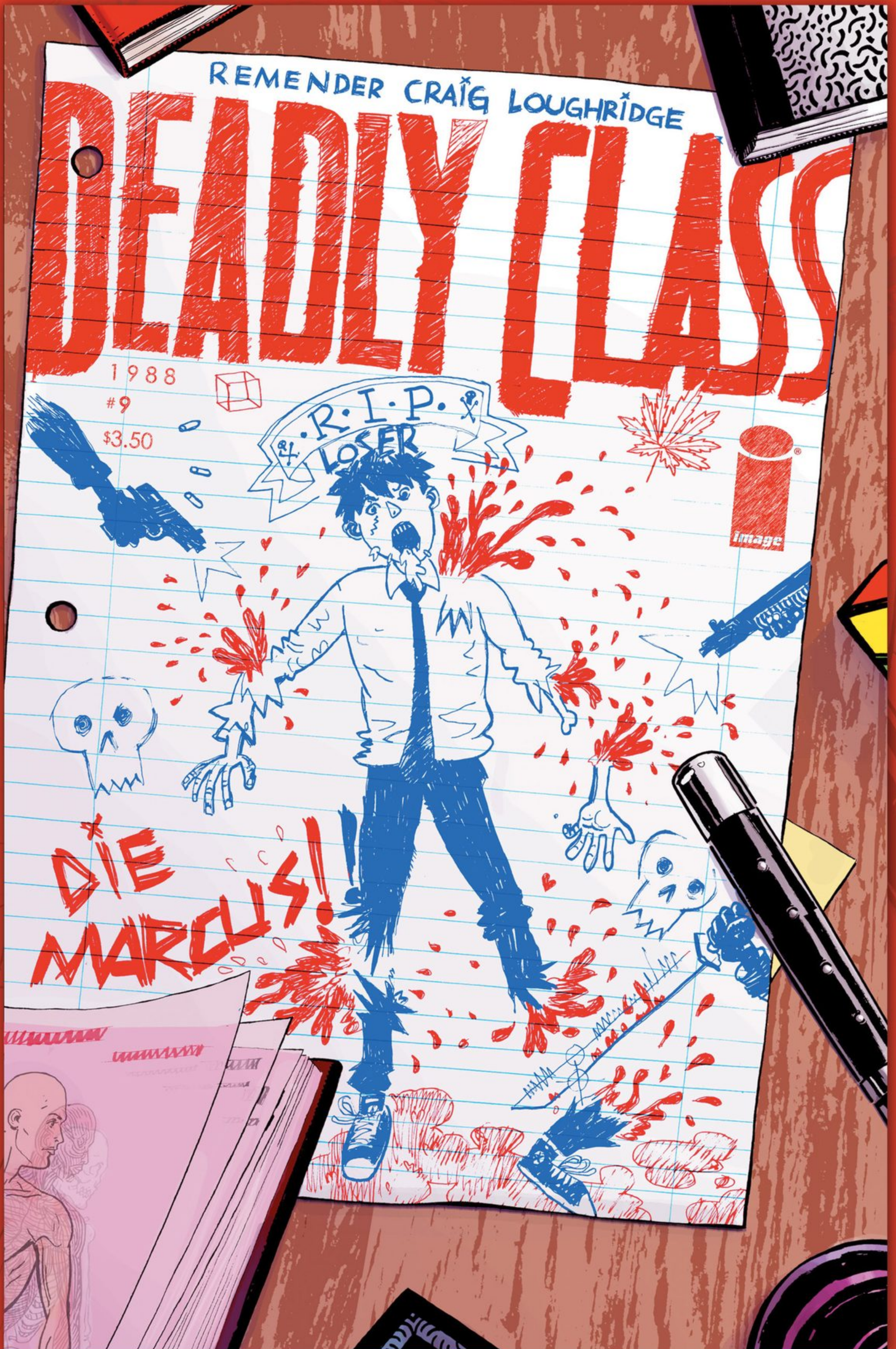
See you in 30!
SG

WES
CRAIG'S

PROJECTS



NEXT MONTH





THE
SEED

CIRCUS
DAY

GRAVE
DIGGERS
UNION



A
HARDCOVER
COLLECTION
FROM THE
WEBCOMIC
SERIES BY
WES CRAIG
(DEADLY CLASS)

**BLACK
HAND**
COMICS

WES CRAIG

COMING
OCT. 1ST
FROM
image[®]



THEY RIDE
THE ROAD
TO OBLIVION.

AND THEY'RE
NOT MONKEYING
AROUND.

ON SALE
NOVEMBER

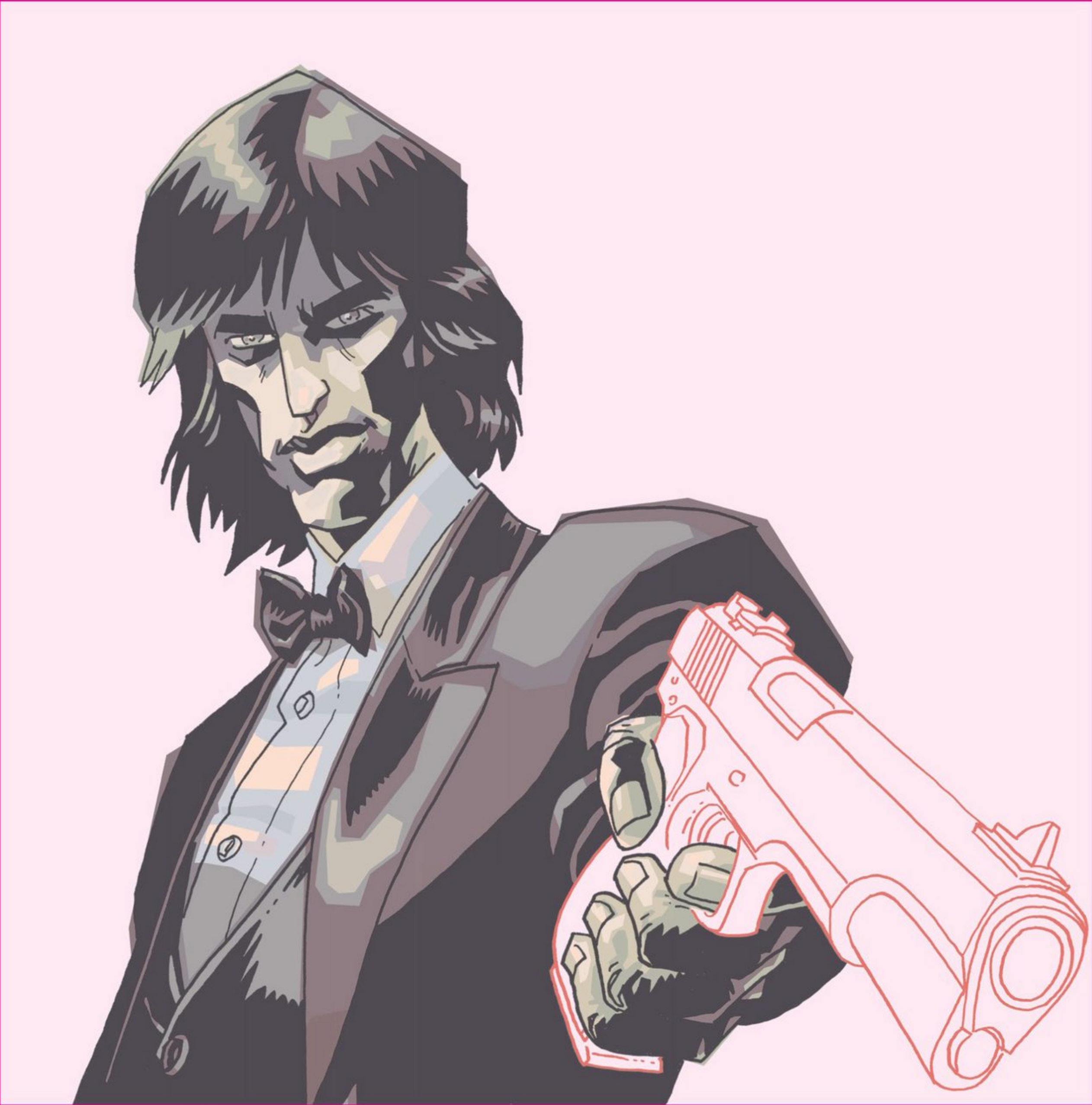
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THE HUMANS



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